(2)

CYDER.

A

POEM.

IN

TWO BOOKS.

— *Honos erit huic quoque Pomo?* Virg.

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CYDER.

BOOK I.

WHAT Soil the Apple loves, what Care is due
To Orchats, timelieſt when to preſs the Fruits,
Thy Gift, *Pomona*, in *Miltonian* Verſe
Adventrous I preſume to ſing; of Verſe
Nor skill'd, nor ſtudious: But my Native Soil
Invites me, and the Theme as yet unſung.

Ye *Ariconian* Knights, and faireſt Dames,
To whom propitious Heav'n theſe Bleſſings grants,

Attend my Layes; nor hence diſdain to learn,
How Nature's Gifts may be improv'd by Art.

And thou, O *Moſtyn*, whoſe Benevolence,
And Candor, oft experienc'd, Me vouchſaf'd
To knit in Friendſhip, growing ſtill with Years,
Accept this Pledge of Gratitude and Love.
May it a laſting Monument remain
Of dear Reſpect; that, when this Body frail
Is moulder'd into Duſt, and I become.
As I had never been, late Times may know
I once was bleſt in ſuch a matchleſs Friend.

Who e'er expects his lab'ring Trees ſhou'd bend
With Fruitage, and a kindly Harveſt yield,
Be this his firſt Concern; to find a Tract
Impervious to the Winds, begirt with Hills,
That intercept the *Hyperborean* Blaſts
Tempeſtuous, and cold *Eurus'* nipping Force,
Noxious to feeble Buds: But to the Weſt
Let him free Entrance grant, let *Zephyrs* bland
Adminiſter their tepid genial Airs;
Naught fear he from the Weſt, whoſe gentle Warmth
Diſcloſes well the Earth's all-teeming Womb,

In-

Invigorating tender Seeds; whoſe Breath
Nurtures the *Orange*, and the *Citron* Groves,
Heſperian Fruits, and wafts their Odours ſweet
Wide thro' the Air, and diſtant Shores perfumes.
Nor only do the Hills exclude the Winds:
But, when the blackning Clouds in ſprinkling Show'rs
Diſtill, from the high Summits down the Rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile Moiſture chear'd,
The Orchats ſmile; joyous the Farmers ſee
Their thriving Plants, and bleſs the heav'nly Dew.

Next, let the Planter, with Diſcretion meet,
The Force and Genius of each Soil explore;
To what adapted, what it ſhuns averſe:
Without this neceſſary Care, in vain
He hopes an Apple-Vintage, and invokes
Pomona's Aid in vain. The miry Fields,
Rejoicing in rich Mold, moſt ample Fruit
Of beauteous Form produce; pleaſing to Sight,
But to the Tongue inelegant and flat.
So Nature has decreed; ſo, oft we ſee
Men paſſing fair, in outward Lineaments
Elaborate; leſs, inwardly, exact.

Nor from the sable Ground expect Success,
Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune:
The Must, of pallid Hue, declares the Soil
Devoid of Spirit; wretched He, that quaffs
Such wheyish Liquors; oft with Colic Pangs,
With pungent Colic Pangs distress'd, he'll roar,
And toss, and turn, and curse th' unwholesome
Draught.
But, Farmer, look, where full-ear'd Sheaves of Rye
Grow wavy on the Tilth, that Soil select
For Apples; thence thy Industry shall gain
Ten-fold Reward; thy Garners, thence with Store
Surcharg'd, shall burst; thy Press with purest Juice
Shall flow, which, in revolving Years, may try
Thy feeble Feet, and bind thy fault'ring Tongue.
Such is the *Kentchurch*, such *Dantzeyan* Ground,
Such thine, O learned *Brome*, and *Capel* such,
Williſian Burlton, much-lov'd *Geers* his *Marsh*,
And *Sutton*-Acres, drench'd with Regal Blood
Of *Ethelbert*, when to th' unhallow'd Feast
Of *Mercian Offa* he invited came,
To treat of Spousals: Long connubial Joys
He promis'd to himself, allur'd by Fair
Elfrida's Beauty; but deluded dy'd

In

In height of Hopes ---- Oh! hardeſt Fate, to fall
By Shew of Friendſhip, and pretended Love!

I nor adviſe, nor reprehend the Choice
Of *Marcley*-Hill; the Apple no where finds
A kinder Mold: Yet 'tis unſafe to truſt
Deceitful Ground: Who knows but that, once more,
This Mount may journey, and, his preſent Site
Forſaken, to thy Neighbours Bounds transfer
The goodly Plants, affording Matter ſtrange
For Law-Debates? If, therefore, thou incline
To deck this Riſe with Fruits of various Taſtes,
Fail not by frequent Vows t'implore Succeſs;
Thus piteous Heav'n may fix the wand'ring Glebe.

But if (for Nature doth not ſhare alike
Her Gifts) an happy Soil ſhould be with-held;
If a penurious Clay ſhou'd be thy Lot,
Or rough unweildy Earth, nor to the Plough,
Nor to the Cattle kind, with ſandy Stones
And Gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
Beneath thy Toil; the ſturdy Pear-tree here
Will riſe luxuriant, and with tougheſt Root
Pierce the obſtructing Grit, and reſtive Marle.

Thus
~~This~~ naught is uſeleſs made; nor is there Land,
But what, or of it ſelf, or elſe compell'd,
Affords Advantage. On the barren Heath
The Shepherd tends his Flock, that daily crop
Their verdant Dinner from the moſſie Turf,
Sufficient; after them the Cackling Gooſe,
Cloſe-grazer, finds wherewith to eaſe her Want.
What ſhou'd I more? Ev'n on the cliffy Height
Of *Penmenmaur*, and that Cloud-piercing Hill,
Plinlimmon, from afar the Traveller kens
Aſtoniſh'd, how the Goats their ſhrubby Brouze
Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canſt thou ſee,
How from a ſcraggy Rock, whoſe Prominence
Half overſhades the Ocean, hardy Men,
Fearleſs of rending Winds, and daſhing Waves,
Cut Samphire, to excite the ſqueamiſh Guſt
Of pamper'd Luxury. Then, let thy Ground
Not lye unlabour'd; if the richeſt Stem
Refuſe to thrive, yet who wou'd doubt to plant
Somewhat, that may to Human Uſe redound,
And Penury, the worſt of Ills, remove?

There

There are, who, fondly ſtudious of Increaſe,
Rich Foreign Mold on their ill-natur'd Land
Induce laborious, and with fatning Muck
Beſmear the Roots; in vain! the nurſling Grove
Seems fair awhile, cheriſh'd with foſter Earth:
But, when the alien Compoſt is exhauſt,
It's native Poverty again prevails.

Tho' this Art fails, deſpond not; little Pains,
In a due Hour employ'd, great Profit yield.
Th'Induſtrious, when the Sun in *Leo* rides,
And darts its ſultrieſt Beams, portending Drought,
Forgets not at the Foot of ev'ry Plant
To ſink a circling Trench, and daily pour
A juſt Supply of alimental Streams,
Exhauſted Sap recruiting; elſe falſe Hopes
He cheriſhes, nor will his Fruit expect
Th' autumnal Seaſon, but, in Summer's Pride,
When other Orchats ſmile, abortive fail.

Thus the great Light of Heav'n, that in his Courſe
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted Fields, and often Men

Perceive

Perceive his Influence dire; ſweltring they run
To Grots, and Caves, and the cool Umbrage ſeek
Of woven Arborets, and of the Rills
Still ſtreaming freſh reviſit, to allay
Thirſt inextinguiſhable: but if the Spring
Preceding ſhou'd be deſtitute of Rain,
Or Blaſt [redacted] Septentrional with bruſhing Wings,
Sweep up the ſmoaky Miſts, and Vapours damp,
Then wo to Mortals! *Titan* then exerts
His Heat intenſe, and on our Vitals preys;
Then Maladies of various Kinds, and Names
Unknown, malignant Fevers, and that Foe
To blooming Beauty, which imprints the Face
Of faireſt Nymph, and checks our growing Love.
Reign far and near; grim Death, in different Shapes,
Depopulates the Nations, thouſands fall
His Victims, Youths, and Virgins, in their Flower,
Reluctant die, and ſighing leave their Loves
Unfiniſh'd, by infectious Heav'n deſtroy'd.

Such Heats prevail'd, when fair *Eliza*, laſt
Of *Winchcomb*'s Name (next Thee in Blood, and Worth,
O faireſt *St. John!*) left this toilſome World.

In

In Beauty's Prime, and ſadden'd all the Year:
Nor cou'd her Virtues, nor repeated Vows
Of thouſand Lovers, the relentleſs Hand
Of Death arreſt, She with the Vulgar fell,
Only diſtinguiſh'd by this humble Verſe.

But if it pleaſe the Sun's intemp'rate Force
To know, attend; whilſt I of ancient Fame
The Annals trace, and image to thy Mind,
How our Fore-fathers, (luckleſs Men!) ingulſt
By the wide yawning Earth, to *Stygian* Shades
Went quick, in one ſad Sepulchre enclos'd.

In elder Days, ere yet the *Roman* Bands
Victorious, this our Other World ſubdu'd,
A ſpacious City ſtood, with firmeſt Walls
Sure mounded, and with num'rous Turrets crown'd,
Aerial Spires, and Citadels, the Seat
Of Kings, and Heroes reſolute in War,
Fam'd *Ariconium*; uncontroul'd, and free,
'Till all-ſubduing *Latian* Arms prevail'd.
Then alſo, tho' to foreign Yoke ſubmiſs,
She undemoliſh'd ſtood, and even 'till now

Perhaps

Perhaps had ſtood, of ancient *Britiſh* Art
A pleaſing Monument, not leſs admir'd
Than what from *Attic*, or *Etruſcan* Hands
Aroſe; had not the Heav'nly Pow'rs averſe
Decreed her final Doom: For now the Fields
Labour'd with Thirſt, *Aquarius* had not ſhed
His wonted Show'rs, and *Sirius* parch'd with Heat
Solſtitial the green Herb: Hence 'gan relax
The Ground's Contexture, hence *Tartarian* Dregs,
Sulphur, and nitrous Spume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darkſom Caves, by far
More diſmal than the loud diſploded Roar
Of brazen Enginry, that ceaſeleſs ſtorm
The Baſtion of a well-built City, deem'd
Impregnable: Th' infernal Winds, 'till now
Cloſely impriſon'd, by *Titanian* Warmth,
Dilating, and with unctuous Vapours fed,
Diſdain'd their narrow Cells; and, their full Strength
Collecting, from beneath the ſolid Maſs
Upheav'd, and all her Caſtles rooted deep
Shook from their loweſt Seat; old *Vaga*'s Stream,
Forc'd by the ſudden Shock, her wonted Track
Forſook, and drew her humid Train aſlope,
Crankling her Banks: and now the low'ring Sky,

And

And baleful Lightning, and the Thunder, Voice
Of angry Gods, that rattled ſolemn, diſmaid
The ſinking Hearts of Men. Where ſhou'd they turn
Diſtreſs'd? Whence ſeek for Aid? when from below
Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate ſupreme gives Signs
Of Wrath and Deſolation? Vain were Vows,
And Plaints, and ſuppliant Hands, to Heav'n erect!
Yet ſome to Fanes repair'd, and humble Rites
Perform'd to *Thor*, and *Woden*, fabled Gods,
Who with their Vot'ries in one Ruin ſhar'd,
Cruſh'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others, in frantick Mood,
Run howling thro' the Streets, their hideous Yells
Rend the dark Welkin; Horror ſtalks around,
Wild-ſtaring, and, his ſad Concomitant,
Deſpair, of abject Look: At ev'ry Gate
The thronging Populace with haſty Strides
Preſs furious, and, too eager of Eſcape,
Obſtruct the eaſie Way; the rocking Town
Supplants their Footſteps; to, and fro, they reel
Aſtoniſh'd, as o'er-charg'd with Wine; when lo!
The Ground aduſt her riven Mouth diſparts,
Horrible Chaſm; profound! with ſwift Deſcent
Old *Ariconium* ſinks, and all her Tribes,

Heroes,

Heroes, and Senators, down to the Realms
Of endleſs Night. Mean-while, the looſen'd Winds
Infuriate, molten Rocks and flaming Globes
Hurl'd high above the Clouds; 'till, all their Force
Conſum'd, her rav'nous Jaws th' Earth ſatiate clos'd.
Thus this fair City fell, of which the Name
Survives alone; nor is there found a Mark,
Whereby the curious Paſſenger may learn
Her ample Site, ſave Coins, and mould'ring Urns,
And huge unweildy Bones, laſting Remains
Of that Gigantic Race; which, as he breaks
The clotted Glebe, the Plowman haply finds,
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous Tract of Land,
She whilome ſtood; now *Ceres*, in her Prime,
Smiles fertile, and with ruddieſt Freight bedeckt,
The Apple-Tree, by our Fore-fathers Blood
Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muſe,
Urging her deſtin'd Labours to perſue.

The Prudent will obſerve, what Paſſions reign
In various Plants (for not to Man alone,
But all the wide Creation, Nature gave
Love, and Averſion): Everlaſting Hate

The

The *Vine* to *Ivy* bears, nor leſs abhors
The *Coleworts* Rankneſs; but, with amorous Twine,
Claſps the tall *Elm*: The *Pæſtan Roſe* unfolds
Her Bud, more lovely, near the fetid *Leek*,
(Creſt of ſtout *Britons*,) and inhances thence.
The Price of her celeſtial Scent: The *Gourd*,
And thirſty *Cucumer*, when they perceive
Th' approaching *Olive*, with Reſentment fly
Her fatty Fibres, and with Tendrils creep
Diverſe, deteſting Contact; whilſt the *Fig*
Contemns not *Rue*, nor *Sage*'s humble Leaf,
Cloſe neighbouring: The *Herefordian* Plant
Careſſes freely the contiguous *Peach*,
Hazel, and weight-reſiſting Palm, and likes
T' approach the *Quince*, and th' *Elder*'s pithy Stem;
Uneaſie, ſeated by funereal *Yeugh*,
Or *Walnut*, (whoſe malignant Touch impairs
All generous Fruits,) or near the bitter Dews
Of *Cherries*. Therefore, weigh the Habits well
Of Plants, how they aſſociate beſt, nor let
Ill Neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful Graffs.

[froth?
Would'ſt thou, thy Vats with gen'rous Juice ſhould
Reſpect thy Orchats; think not, that the Trees

Spon-

Spontaneous will produce an wholſom Draught.
Let Art correct thy Breed: from Parent Bough
A Cyon meetly ſever; after, force
A way into the Crabſtock's cloſe-wrought Grain
By Wedges, and within the living Wound
Encloſe the Foſter Twig; nor over-nice
Refuſe with thy own Hands around to ſpread
The binding Clay: Ere-long their differing Veins
Unite, and kindly Nouriſhment convey
To the new Pupil; now he ſhoots his Arms
With quickeſt Growth; now ſhake the teeming Trunc,
Down rain th' impurpl'd Balls, ambroſial Fruit.
Whether the *Wilding*'s Fibres are contriv'd
To draw th' Earth's pureſt Spirit, and reſiſt
It's Feculence, which in more porous Stocks
Of *Cyder*-Plants finds Paſſage free, or elſe
The native Verjuice of the *Crab*, deriv'd
Thro' th' infix'd Graff, a grateful Mixture forms
Of tart and ſweet; whatever be the Cauſe,
This doubtful Progeny by niceſt Taſtes
Expected beſt Acceptance finds, and pays
Largeſt Revenues to the Orchat-Lord.

Some

Some think, the *Quince* and *Apple* would combine
In happy Union; Others fitter deem
The *Sloe*-Stem bearing *Sylvan* Plums auſtere.
Who knows but Both may thrive? Howe'er, what loſs
To try the Pow'rs of Both, and ſearch how far
Two different Natures may concur to mix
In cloſe Embraces, and ſtrange Off-ſpring bear?
Thou'lt find that Plants will frequent Changes try,
Undamag'd, and their marriageable Arms
Conjoin with others. So *Silurian* Plants
Admit the *Peach*'s odoriferous Globe,
And *Pears* of ſundry Forms; at diff'rent times
Adopted *Plums* will aliene Branches grace;
And Men have gather'd from the *Hawthorn*'s Branch
Large *Medlars*, imitating regal Crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautifie each Month
With Files of particolour'd Fruits, that pleaſe
The Tongue, and View, at once. So *Maro*'s Muſe,
Thrice ſacred Muſe! commodious Precepts gives
Inſtructive to the Swains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful: Sometimes ſhe diverts

From

From ſolid Counſels, ſhews the Force of Love
In ſavage Beaſts; how Virgin Face divine
Attracts the hapleſs Youth thro' Storms, and Waves,
Alone, in deep of Night: Then ſhe deſcribes
The *Scythian* Winter, nor diſdains to ſing
How underground the rude *Riphæan* Race
Mimic brisk *Cyder* with the Brakes Product wild;
Sloes pounded, Hips, and *Servis'* harſheſt Juice.

Let ſage Experience teach thee all the Arts
Of Grafting, and In-Eyeing; when to lop
The flowing Branches; what Trees anſwer beſt
From Root, or Kernel: She will beſt the Hours
Of Harveſt, and Seed-time declare; by her
The diff'rent Qualities of things were found,
And ſecret Motions; how with heavy Bulk
Volatile *Hermes*, fluid and unmoiſt,
Mounts on the Wings of Air; To Her we owe
The *Indian* Weed, unknown to Ancient Times,
Nature's choice Gift, whoſe acrimonious Fume
Extracts ſuperfluous Juices, and refines
The Blood diſtemper'd from its noxious Salts;
Friend to the Spirits, which with Vapours bland
It gently mitigates, Companion fit

Of

Of Pleaſantry, and Wine; nor to the Bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal Shell
Warble melodious their well-labour'd Songs.
She found the poliſh'd Glaſs, whoſe ſmall Convex
Enlarges to ten Millions of Degrees
The Mite, inviſible elſe, of Nature's Hand
Leaſt Animal; and ſhews, what Laws of Life
The Cheeſe-Inhabitants obſerve, and how
Fabrick their Manſions in the harden'd Milk,
Wonderful Artiſts! But the hidden Ways
Of Nature wouldſt thou know? how firſt ſhe frames
All things in Miniature? thy Specular Orb
Apply to well diſſected Kernels; lo!
Strange Forms ariſe, in each a little Plant
Unfolds its Boughs: obſerve the ſlender Threads
Of firſt beginning Trees, their Roots, their Leaves,
In narrow Seeds deſcrib'd; Thou'lt wond'ring ſay,
An inmate Orchat ev'ry Apple boaſts.
Thus All things by Experience are diſplay'd,
And Moſt improv'd. Then ſedulouſly think
To meliorate thy Stock; no Way, or Rule
Be unaſſay'd; prevent the Morning Star
Aſſiduous, nor with the Weſtern Sun
Surceaſe to work; lo! thoughtful of Thy Gain,

Not

Not of my Own, I all the live-long Day
Conſume in Meditation deep, recluſe
From human Converſe, nor, at ſhut of Eve,
Enjoy Repoſe; but oft at Midnight Lamp
Ply my brain-racking Studies, if by chance
Thee I may counſel right; and oft this Care
Diſturbs me ſlumbring. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thy Self? and rather chuſe
To lye ſupinely, hoping Heav'n will bleſs
Thy ſlighted Fruits, and give thee Bread unearn'd?

'Twill profit, when the Stork, ſworn-Foe of [Snakes,
Returns, to ſhew Compaſſion to thy Plants,
Fatigu'd with Breeding. Let the arched Knife
Well ſharpen'd now aſſail the ſpreading Shades
Of Vegetables, and their thirſty Limbs
Diſſever: for the genial Moiſture, due
To Apples, otherwiſe miſpends it ſelf
In barren Twigs, and for th' expected Crop,
Naught but vain Shoots, and empty Leaves abound.

When ſwelling Buds their od'rous Foliage ſhed,
And gently harden into Fruit, the Wiſe
Spare not the little Off-ſprings, if they grow

Redun-

Redundant; but the thronging Cluſters thin
By kind Avulſion: elſe, the ſtarv'ling Brood,
Void of ſufficient Suſtenance, will yield
A ſlender Autumn; which the niggard Soul
Too late ſhall weep, and curſe his thrifty Hand,
That would not timely eaſe the pond'rous Boughs.

It much conduces, all the Cares to know
Of Gard'ning, how to ſcare nocturnal Thieves,
And how the little Race of Birds, that hop
From Spray to Spray, ſcooping the coſtlieſt Fruit
Inſatiate, undiſturb'd. *Priapus'* Form
Avails but little; rather guard each Row
With the falſe Terrors of a breathleſs Kite.
This done, the timorous Flock with ſwifteſt Wing
Scud thro' the Air; their Fancy repreſents
His mortal Talons, and his rav'nous Beak
Deſtructive; glad to ſhun his hoſtile Gripe,
They quit their Theſts, and unfrequent the Fields.

Beſides, the filthy Swine will oft invade
Thy firm Incloſure, and with delving Snout
The rooted Foreſt undermine: forthwith
Alloo thy furious Maſtiff, bid him vex

The

The noxious Herd, and print upon their Ears.
A ſad Memorial of their paſt Offence.

The flagrant *Procyon* will not fail to bring
Large Shoals of ſlow Houſe-bearing Snails, that creep
O'er the ripe Fruitage, paring ſlimy Tracts
In the ſleek Rinds, and unpreſt *Cyder* drink.
No Art averts this Peſt; on Thee it lyes,
With Morning and with Evening Hand to rid
The preying Reptiles; nor, if wiſe, wilt thou
Decline this Labour, which it ſelf rewards
With pleaſing Gain, whilſt the warm Limbec draws
Salubrious Waters from the nocent Brood.

Myriads of Waſps now alſo cluſtring hang,
And drain a ſpurious Honey from thy Groves,
Their Winter Food; tho' oft repulſt, again
They rally, undiſmay'd: but Fraud with eaſe
Enſnares the noiſom Swarms; let ev'ry Bough
Bear frequent Vials, pregnant with the Dregs
Of *Moyle*, or *Mum*, or *Treacel*'s viſcous Juice;
They by th' alluring Odor drawn, in haſte
Fly to the dulcet Cates, and crouding ſip

Their

Their palatable Bane; joyful thou'lt ſee
The clammy Surface all o'er-ſtrown with Tribes
Of greedy Inſects, that with fruitleſs Toil
Flap filmy Pennons oft, to extricate
Their Feet, in liquid Shackles bound, 'till Death
Bereave them of their worthleſs Souls: Such doom
Waits Luxury, and lawleſs Love of Gain!

Howe'er thou maiſt forbid external Force,
Inteſtine Evils will prevail; damp Airs,
And rainy Winters, to the Centre pierce
Of firmeſt Fruits, and by unſeen Decay
The proper Reliſh vitiate: then the Grub
Oft unobſerv'd invades the vital Core,
Pernicious Tenant, and her ſecret Cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the Pulp
Ceaſeleſs; mean-while the Apple's outward Form
Delectable the witleſs Swain beguiles,
'Till, with a writhen Mouth, and ſpattering Noiſe,
He taſtes the bitter Morſel, and rejects
Diſreliſht; not with leſs Surprize, than when
Embattled Troops with flowing Banners paſs
Thro' flow'ry Meads delighted, nor diſtruſt
The ſmiling Surface; whilſt the cavern'd Ground,

With Grain incentive ſtor'd, by ſuddain Blaze
Burſts fatal, and involves the Hopes of War
In fiery Whirles; full of victorious Thoughts,
Torn and diſmembred, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine Eye to view *Alcinous'* Groves,
The Pride of the *Phæacian* Iſle, from whence,
Sailing the Spaces of the boundleſs Deep,
To *Ariconium* pretious Fruits arriv'd:
The *Pippin* burniſht o'er with Gold, the *Moile*
Of ſweeteſt hony'd Taſte, the fair *Permain*,
Temper'd, like comlieſt Nymph, with red and white.
Salopian Acres flouriſh with a Growth
Peculiar, ſtyl'd the *Ottley*: Be thou firſt
This Apple to tranſplant, if to the Name
It's Merit anſwers, no where ſhalt thou find
A Wine more priz'd, or laudable of Taſte.
Nor does the *Eliot* leaſt deſerve thy Care,
Nor *John-Apple*, whoſe wither'd Rind, entrencht
With many a Furrow, aptly repreſents
Decrepid Age; nor that from *Harvey* nam'd,
Quick-reliſhing: Why ſhould we ſing the *Thrift*,
Codling, or *Pomroy*, or of pimpled Coat

The

The *Ruſſet*, or the *Cats-Head*'s weighty Orb,
Enormous in its Growth, for various Uſe
Tho' theſe are meet, tho' after full repaſt
Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich Deſert?

What, tho' the *Pear*-Tree rival not the Worth
Of *Ariconian* Products? yet her Freight
Is not contemn'd, yet her wide-branching Arms
Beſt ſcreen thy Manſion from the fervent Dog
Adverſe to Liſe; the wintry Hurricanes
In vain imploy their Roar, her Trunc unmov'd
Breaks the ſtrong Onſet, and controls their Rage.
Chiefly the *Bosbury*, whoſe large Increaſe,
Annual, in ſumptuous Banquets claims Applauſe.
Thrice acceptable Bev'rage! could but Art
Subdue the floating Lee, *Pomona*'s ſelf
Would dread thy Praiſe, and ſhun the dubious Striſe.
Be it thy Choice, when Summer-Heats annoy,
To ſit beneath her leafy Canopy,
Quaffing rich Liquids! Oh! how ſweet t'enjoy,
At once her Fruits, and hoſpitable Shade!

But how with equal Numbers ſhall we match
The *Musk*'s ſurpaſſing Worth! that earlieſt gives

Sure hopes of racy Wine, and in its Youth,
Its tender Nonage, loads the ſpreading Boughs
With large and juicy Off-ſpring, that defies
The Vernal Nippings, and cold Syderal Blaſts!
Yet let her to the *Red-ſtreak* yield, that once
Was of the *Sylvan* Kind, unciviliz'd.
Of no Regard, 'till *Scudamore*'s skilful Hand
Improv'd her, and by courtly Diſcipline
Taught her the ſavage Nature to forget:
Hence ſtyl'd the *Scudamorean* Plant; whoſe Wine
Who-ever taſtes, let him with grateful Heart
Reſpect that ancient loyal Houſe, and wiſh
The nobler Peer, that now tranſcends our Hopes
In early Worth, his Country's juſteſt Pride,
Uninterrupted Joy, and Health entire.

Let every Tree in every Garden own
The *Red-ſtreak* as ſupream, whoſe pulpous Fruit
With Gold irradiate, and Vermilion ſhines
Tempting, not fatal, as the Birth of that
Primæval interdicted Plant, that won
Fond *Eve* in hapleſs Hour to taſte, and die.
This, of more bounteous Influence, inſpires
Poetic Raptures, and the lowly Muſe

Kindles

Kindles to loftier Strains; even I perceive
Her ſacred Virtue. See! the Numbers flow
Eaſie, whilſt, chear'd with her nectareous Juice,
Hers, and my Country's Praiſes I exalt.
Hail *Herefordian* Plant, that doſt diſdain
All other Fields! Heav'n's ſweeteſt Bleſſing, hail!
Be thou the copious Matter of my Song,
And Thy choice *Nectar*; on which always waits
Laughter, and Sport, and care-beguiling Wit,
And Friendſhip, chief Delight of Human Life.
What ſhou'd we wiſh for more? or why, in queſt
Of Foreign Vintage, inſincere, and mixt,
Traverſe th' extreameſt World? Why tempt the Rage
Of the rough Ocean? when our native Glebe
Imparts, from bounteous Womb, annual Recruits
Of Wine delectable, that far ſurmounts
Gallic, or *Latin* Grapes, or thoſe that ſee
The ſetting Sun near *Calpe*'s tow'ring Height.
Not let the *Rhodian*, nor the *Lesbian* Vines
Vaunt their rich Muſt, nor let *Tokay* contend
For Sov'ranty; *Phanæus* ſelf muſt bow
To th' *Ariconian* Vales: And ſhall we doubt
T' improve our vegetable Wealth, or let
The Soil lye idle, which, with fit Manure,

Will largeſt Uſury repay, alone
Impower'd to ſupply what Nature asks
Frugal, or what nice Appetite requires?
The Meadows here, with bat'ning Ooze enrich'd,
Give Spirit to the Graſs; three Cubits high
The jointed Herbage ſhoots; th' unfallow'd Glebe
Yearly o'ercomes the Granaries with Store
Of Golden *Wheat*, the Strength of Human Life.
Lo, on auxiliary Poles, the *Hops*
Aſcending ſpiral, rang'd in meet Array!
Lo, how the Arable with *Barley*-Grain
Stands thick, o'erſhadow'd, to the thirſty Hind
Tranſporting Proſpect! Theſe, as modern Uſe
Ordains, infus'd, an Auburn Drink compoſe.
Wholeſome, of deathleſs Fame. Here, to the Sight,
Apples of Price, and plenteous Sheaves of Corn,
Oft interlac'd occurr, and both imbibe
Fitting congenial Juice; ſo rich the Soil,
So much does fructuous Moiſture o'er-abound!
Nor are the Hills unamiable, whoſe Tops
To Heav'n aſpire, affording Proſpect ſweet
To Human Ken; nor at their Feet the Vales
Deſcending gently, where the lowing Herd
Chews verd'rous Paſture; nor the yellow Fields

Gaily'

Gaily' enterchang'd, with rich Variety
Pleaſing, as when an *Emerald* green, enchas'd
In flamy Gold, from the bright Maſs acquires
A nobler Hue, more delicate to Sight.
Next add the *Sylvan* Shades, and ſilent Groves,
(Haunt of the *Druids*) whence the Hearth is fed
With copious Fuel; whence the ſturdy Oak,
A Prince's Refuge once, th' æternal Guard
Of *England*'s Throne, by ſweating Peaſants fell'd,
Stems the vaſt Main, and bears tremendous War
To diſtant Nations, or with Sov'ran Sway
Aws the divided World to Peace and Love.
Why ſhou'd the *Chalybes*, or *Bilboa* boaſt
Their harden'd Iron; when our Mines produce
As perfect Martial Ore? Can *Tmolus*' Head
Vie with our Saffron Odours? Or the Fleece
Bætic, or fineſt *Tarentine*, compare
With *Lemſter*'s ſilken Wool? Where ſhall we find
Men more undaunted, for their Country's Weal
More prodigal of Life? In ancient Days,
The *Roman* Legions, and great *Cæſar* found
Our Fathers no mean Foes: And *Creſſy* Plains,
And *Agincourt*, deep-ting'd with Blood, confeſs
What the *Silures* Vigour unwithſtood

Cou'd do in rigid Fight; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-waſting Hand, firſt Garter'd Knight,
Puiſſant Author of great *Chandois'* Stemm,
High *Chandois*, that tranſmits Paternal Worth,
Prudence, and ancient Proweſs, and Renown,
T' his Noble Off-ſpring. O thrice happy Peer!
That, bleſt with hoary Vigour, view'ſt Thy ſelf
Freſh blooming in Thy Generous Son; whoſe Lips
Flowing with nervous Eloquence exact,
Charm the wiſe Senate, and Attention win
In deepeſt Councils: *Ariconium* pleas'd,
Him, as her choſen Worthy, firſt ſalutes.
Him on th' *Iberian*, on the *Gallic* Shore,
Him hardy *Britons* bleſs; His faithful Hand
Conveys new Courage from afar, nor more
The General's Conduct, than His Care avails.

Thee alſo, Glorious Branch of *Cecil's* Line,
This Country claims; with Pride and Joy to Thee
Thy *Alterennis* calls: yet ſhe endures
Patient Thy Abſence, ſince Thy prudent Choice
Has fix'd Thee in the Muſe's faireſt Seat,
Where *Aldrich* reigns, and from his endleſs Store
Of univerſal Knowledge ſtill ſupplies

His

His noble Care; he generous Thoughts inſtills
Of true Nobility, their Country's Love,
(Chief End of Life) and forms their ductile Minds
To Human Virtues: By His Genius led,
Thou ſoon in every Art preeminent
Shalt grace this Iſle, and riſe to *Burleigh*'s Fame.

Hail high-born Peer! And Thou, great Nurſe of Arts,
And Men, from whence couſpicuous Patriots ſpring,
Hanmer, and *Bromley*; Thou, to whom with due
Reſpect *Wintonia* bows, and joyful owns
Thy mitred Off-ſpring; be for ever bleſt
With like Examples, and to future Times
Proficuous, ſuch a Race of Men produce,
As, in the Cauſe of Virtue firm, may fix
Her Throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods, this Vow
From One, the meaneſt in her numerous Train;
Tho' meaneſt, not leaſt ſtudious of her Praiſe.

Muſe, raiſe thy Voice to *Beaufort*'s ſpotleſs Fame,
To *Beaufort*, in a long Deſcent deriv'd
From Royal Anceſtry, of Kingly Rights
Faithful Aſſerters: In Him centring meet

Their glorious Virtues, high Deſert from Pride
Diſjoin'd, unſhaken Honour, and Contempt
Of ſtrong Allurements. O Illuſtrious Prince!
O Thou of ancient Faith! Exulting, Thee,
In her fair Liſt this happy Land inrolls.

Who can refuſe a Tributary Verſe
To *Weymouth*, firmeſt Friend of ſlighted Worth
In evil Days? whoſe hoſpitable Gate,
Unbarr'd to All, invites a numerous Train
Of daily Gueſts; whoſe Board, with Plenty crown'd,
Revives the Feaſt-rites old: Mean-while his Care
Forgets not the Afflicted, but content
In Acts of ſecret Goodneſs, ſhuns the Praiſe,
That ſure attends. Permit me, bounteous Lord,
To blazon what tho' hid will beauteous ſhine,
And with Thy Name to dignifie my Song.

But who is He, that on the winding Stream
Of *Vaga* firſt drew vital Breath, and now
Approv'd in *Anna*'s ſecret Councils ſits,
Weighing the Sum of Things, with wiſe Forecaſt
Sollicitous of public Good? How large
His Mind, that comprehends what-e'er was known

To

To Old, or Preſent Time; yet not elate,
Not conſcious of its Skill? What Praiſe deſerves
His liberal Hand, that gathers but to give,
Preventing Suit? O not unthankful Muſe,
Him lowly reverence, that firſt deign'd to hear
Thy Pipe, and skreen'd thee from opprobrious Tongues.
Acknowledge thy own *Harley*, and his Name
Inſcribe on every Bark; the wounded Plants
Will faſt increaſe, faſter thy juſt Reſpect.

Such are our Heroes, by their Virtues known,
Or Skill in Peace, and War: Of ſofter Mold
The Female Sex, with ſweet attractive Airs
Subdue obdurate Hearts. The Travellers oft,
That view their matchleſs Forms with tranſient Glance,
Catch ſuddain Love, and ſigh for Nymphs unknown,
Smit with the Magic of their Eyes: nor hath
The Dædal Hand of Nature only pour'd
Her Gifts of outward Grace; their Innocence
Unfeign'd, and Virtue moſt engaging, free
From Pride, or Artifice, long Joys afford

To

To th' honeſt Nuptial Bed, and in the Wane
Of Life, rebate the Miſeries of Age.
And is there found a Wretch, ſo baſe of Mind,
That Woman's pow'rful Beauty dares condemn,
Exacteſt Work of Heav'n? He ill deſerves
Or Love, or Pity; friendleſs let him ſee
Uneaſie, tedious Days, deſpis'd, forlorn,
As Stain of Human Race: But may the Man,
That chearfully recounts the Females Praiſe
Find equal Love, and Love's untainted Sweets
Enjoy with Honour. O, ye Gods! might I
Elect my Fate, my happieſt Choice ſhould be
A fair, and modeſt Virgin, that invites
With Aſpect chaſte, forbidding looſe Deſire,
Tenderly ſmiling; in whoſe Heav'nly Eye
Sits pureſt Love enthron'd: But if the Stars
Malignant, theſe my better Hopes oppoſe,
May I, at leaſt, the ſacred Pleaſures know
Of ſtricteſt Amity; nor ever want
A Friend, with whom I mutually may ſhare
Gladneſs and Anguiſh, by kind Intercourſe
Of Speech, and Offices. May in my Mind,
Indelible a grateful Senſe remain
Of Favours undeſerv'd! ----- O Thou! from whom

Gladly

Gladly both Rich, and Low ſeek Aid; moſt Wiſe
Interpreter of Right, whoſe gracious Voice
Breaths Equity, and curbs too rigid Law
With mild, impartial Reaſon; what Returns
Of Thanks are due to Thy Beneficence
Freely vouchſaft, When to the Gates of Death
I tended prone? If Thy indulgent Care
Had not preven'd, among unbody'd Shades
I now had wander'd; and theſe empty Thoughts
Of Apples periſh'd: But, uprais'd by Thee,
I tune my Pipe afreſh, each Night, and Day,
Thy unexampled Goodneſs to extoll
Deſirous; but nor Night, nor Day ſuffice
For that great Task; the highly Honour'd Name
Of *Trevor* muſt employ my willing Thoughts
Inceſſant, dwell for ever on my Tongue.

Let me be grateful, but let far from me
Be fawning Cringe, and falſe diſſembling Look,
And ſervile Flattery, that harbours oft
In Courts and gilded Roofs. Some looſe the Bands
Of ancient Friendſhip, cancell Nature's Laws
For Pageantry, and tawdry Gugaws. Some
Renounce their Sires, oppoſe paternal Right

For

For Rule, and Power; and other's Realms invade,
With ſpecious Shews of Love. This traiterous Wretch
Betrays his Sov'ran. Others, deſtitute
Of real Zeal, to ev'ry Altar bend,
By Lucre ſway'd, and act the baſeſt Things
To be ſtyl'd Honourable: Th' Honeſt Man,
Simple of Heart, prefers inglorious Want
To ill-got Wealth; rather from Door to Door
A jocund Pilgrim, tho' diſtreſs'd, he'll rove,
Than break his plighted Faith; nor Fear, nor Hope,
Will ſhock his ſtedfaſt Soul; rather debar'd
Each common Privilege, cut off from Hopes
Of meaneſt Gain, of preſent Goods deſpoil'd,
He'll bear the Marks of Infamy, contemn'd,
Unpity'd; yet his Mind, of Evil pure,
Supports him, and Intention free from Fraud.
If no Retinue with obſervant Eyes
Attend him, if he can't with Purple ſtain
Of cumbrous Veſtments, labour'd o'er with Gold,
Dazle the Croud, and ſet them all agape;
Yet clad in homely Weeds, from Envy's Darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly Pangs

Of

Of Conſcience, nor with Spectre's griſly Forms,
Dæmons, and injur'd Souls, at Cloſe of Day
Annoy'd, ſad interrupted Slumbers finds.
But (as a Child, whoſe inexperienc'd Age
Nor evil Purpoſe fears, nor knows,) enjoys
Night's ſweet Refreſhment, humid Sleep, ſincere
When Chaunticleer, with Clarion ſhrill, recalls
The tardy Day, he to his Labours hies
Gladſome, intent on ſomewhat that may eaſe
Unhealthy Mortals, and with curious Search
Examines all the Properties of Herbs,
Foſſils, and Minerals, that th' embowell'd Earth
Diſplays, if by his Induſtry he can
Benefit Human Race: Or elſe his Thoughts
Are exercis'd with Speculations deep
Of Good, and Juſt, and Meet, and th' wholſome Rules
Of Temperance, and aught that may improve
The moral Life; not ſedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom'd Tongue to blaſt the Fame
Of harmleſs Men, or ſecret Whiſpers ſpread,
'Mong faithful Friends, to breed Diſtruſt, and Hate
Studious of Virtue, he no Life obſerves

Except

Except his own, his own employs his Cares,
Large Subject! that he labours to refine
Daily, nor of his little Stock denies
Fit Alms to *Lazars*, merciful, and meek.

Thus ſacred *Virgil* liv'd from courtly Vice,
And Baits of pompous *Rome* ſecure; at Court
Still thoughtful of the rural honeſt Life,
And how t'improve his Grounds, and how himſelf:
Beſt Poet! fit Exemplar for the Tribe
Of *Phœbus*, nor leſs fit *Mæonides*,
Poor eyeleſs Pilgrim! and if after theſe,
If after theſe another I may name,
Thus tender *Spencer* liv'd, with mean Repaſt
Content, depreſs'd by Penury, and Pine
In foreign Realm: Yet not bebas'd his Verſe
By Fortune's Frowns. And had that Other Bard,
Oh, had but He that firſt ennobled Song
With holy Rapture, like his *Abdiel* been;
'Mong many faithleſs, ſtrictly faithful found;
Unpity'd, he ſhould not have wail'd his Orbs,
That roll'd in vain to find the piereing Ray
And found no Dawn, by dim Suffuſion veil'd!

But

But He — However, let the Muſe abſtain,
Nor blaſt his Fame, from whom ſhe learnt to ſing
In much inferior Strains, grov'ling beneath
Th' *Olympian* Hill, on Plains, and Vales intent,
Mean Follower. There let her reſt a-while,
Pleas'd with the fragrant Walks, and cool Retreat.

CYDER.

BOOK II.

O *Harcourt*, Whom th' ingenuous Love of Arms
Has carry'd from Thy native Soil, beyond
Th' eternal *Alpine* Snows and now detains
In *Italy*'s waſte Realms, how long muſt we
Lament Thy Abſence? Whilſt in ſweet Sojourn
Thou view'ſt the Reliques of old *Rome*; or what,
Unrival'd Authors by their Preſence, made
For ever venerable, rural Seats,
Tibur, and *Tuſculum*, or *Virgil*'s Urn
Green with immortal Bays, which haply Thou,
Reſpecting his great Name, doſt now approach
With

With bended Knee, and ſtrow with purple Flow'rs;
Unmindful of Thy Friends, that ill can brook
This long Delay. At length, Dear Youth, return,
Of Wit, and Judgment ripe in blooming Years,
And *Britain*'s Iſle with *Latian* Knowledge grace.
Return, and let Thy Father's Worth excite
Thirſt of Preeminence; ſee! how the Cauſe
Of Widows, and of Orphans He aſſerts
With winning Rhetoric, and well-argu'd Law!
Mark well His Footſteps, and, like Him, deſerve
Thy Prince's Favour, and Thy Country's Love.

Mean-while (altho' the *Maſſic* Grape delights
Pregnant of racy Juice, and *Formian* Hills
Temper Thy Cups, yet) wilt not Thou reject
Thy native Liquors: Lo! for Thee my Mill
Now grinds choice Apples, and the *Britiſh* Vats
O'erflow with generous Cyder; far remote
Accept this Labour, nor deſpiſe the Muſe,
That, paſſing Lands, and Seas, on Thee attends.

Thus far of Trees: The pleaſing Task remains,
To ſing of Wines, and Autumn's bleſt Increaſe.

Th' Ef-

Th' Effects of Art are ſhewn, yet what avails
'Gainſt Heav'n? Oft, notwithſtanding all thy Care
To help thy Plants, when the ſmall Fruit'ry ſeems
Exempt from Ills, and oriental Blaſt
Diſaſtrous flies, ſoon as the Hind, fatigu'd,
Unyokes his Team; the tender Freight, unskill'd
To bear the hot Diſeaſe, diſtemper'd pines
In the Year's Prime, the deadly Plague annoys
The wide Incloſure; think not vainly now
To treat thy Neighbours with mellifluous Cups,
Thus diſappointed: If the former Years
Exhibit no Supplies, alas! thou muſt
With taſteleſs Warer waſh thy droughty Throat.

A thouſand Accidents the Farmer's Hopes
Subvert, or cheque; uncertain all his Toil,
'Till luſty Autumn's luke-warm Days, allay'd
With gentle Colds, inſenſibly confirm
His ripening Labours: Autumn, to the Fruits
Earth's various Lap produces, Vigour gives
Equal, intenerating milky Grain,
Berries, and Sky-dy'd Plums, and what in Coat
Rough, or ſoft Rind, or bearded Husk, or Shell;
Fat *Olives*, and *Piſtacio*'s fragrant Nut,

And

And the *Pine*'s taſtful Apple: Autumn paints
Auſonian Hills with Grapes, whilſt *Engliſh* Plains
Bluſh with pomaceous Harveſts, breathing Sweets.
O let me now, when the kind early Dew
Unlocks th' emboſom'd Odors, walk among
The well-rang'd Files of Trees, whoſe full-ag'd Store
Diffuſe *Ambroſial* Steams, than *Myrrh*, or *Nard*
More grateful, or perfuming flow'ry *Beane!*
Soft whiſp'ring Airs, and the Lark's mattin Song
Then woo to muſing, and becalm the Mind
Perplex'd with irkſome Thoughts. Thrice happy time,
Beſt Portion of the various Year, in which
Nature rejoyceth, ſmiling on her Works
Lovely, to full Perfection wrought! but ah,
Short are our Joys, and neighb'ring Griefs diſturb
Our pleaſant Hours. Inclement Winter dwells
Contiguous; forthwith froſty Blaſts deface
The blithſome Year: Trees of their ſhrivel'd Fruits
Are widow'd, dreery Storms o'er all prevail.
Now, now's the time; ere haſty Suns forbid
To work, disburthen thou thy ſapleſs *Wood*
Of its rich Progeny; the turgid Fruit

Abounds

Abounds with mellow Liquor; now exhort
Thy Hinds to exerciſe the pointed Steel
On the hard Rock, and give a wheely Form
To the expected Grinder: Now prepare
Materials for thy Mill, a ſturdy Poſt
Cylinaric, to ſupport the Grinder's Weight
Exceſſive, and a flexile Sallow' entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy Hord.
Nor muſt thou not be mindful of thy Preſs
Long ere the Vintage; but with timely Care
Shave the Goat's ſhaggy Beard, leſt thou too late
In vain ſhould'ſt ſeek a Strainer, to diſpart
The husky, terrene Dregs, from purer Muſt.
Be cautious next a proper Steed to find
Whoſe Prime is paſt; the vigorous Horſe diſdains
Such ſervile Labours, or, if forc'd, forgets
His paſt Atchievements, and victorious Palms.
Blind *Bayard* rather, worn with Work, and Years,
Shall roll th' unweildly Stone; with ſober Pace
He'll tread the circling Path 'till dewy Eve,
From early Day-ſpring, pleas'd to find his Age
Declining, not unuſeful to his Lord

Some,

Some, when the Preſs, by utmoſt Vigour ſcrew'd,
Has drain'd the pulpous Maſs, regale their Swine
With the dry Refuſe; thou, more wiſe, ſhalt ſteep
Thy Husks in Water, and again employ
The pondrous Engine. Water will imbibe
The ſmall Remains of Spirit, and acquire
A vinous Flavour; this the Peaſants blith
Will quaff, and whiſtle, as thy tinkling Team
They drive, and ſing of *Fuſca*'s radiant Eyes,
Pleas'd with the medly Draught. Nor ſhalt thou now
Reject the *Apple-Cheeſe*, tho' quite exhauſt;
Ev'n now 'twill cheriſh, and improve the Roots
Of ſickly Plants; new Vigour hence convey'd
Will yield an Harveſt of unuſual Growth.
Such Profit ſprings from Husks diſcreetly us'd!

The tender Apples, from their Parents rent
By ſtormy Shocks, muſt not neglected lye,
The Prey of Worms: A frugal Man I knew,
Rich in one barren Acre, which, ſubdu'd
By endleſs Culture, with ſufficient Muſt
His Casks repleniſht yearly: He no more

Deſir'd,

Desir'd, nor wanted, diligent to learn
The various Seasons, and by Skill repell
Invading Pests, successful in his Cares,
'Till the damp *Libyan* Wind, with Tempests arm'd
Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
His Cyder-Grove: O'er-turn'd by furious Blasts,
The sightly Ranks fall prostate, and around
Their Fruitage scatter'd, from the genial Boughs
Stript immature: Yet did he not repine,
Nor curse his Stars; but prudent, his fall'n Heaps
Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid Wreaths
Of tedded Grass, and the Sun's mellowing Beams
Rival'd with artful Heats, and thence procur'd
A costly Liquor, by improving Time
Equall'd with what, the happiest Vintage bears.

But this I warn Thee, and shall alway warn,
No heterogeneous Mixtures use, as some
With watry Turneps have debas'd their Wines,
Too frugal; nor let the crude Humors dance
In heated Brass, steaming with Fire intense;
Altho' *Devonia* much commends the Use
Of strengthning *Vulcan*; with their native Strength
Thy Wines sufficient, other Aid refuse;

And,

And, when th' allotted Orb of Time's compleat,
Are more commended than the labour'd Drinks.

Nor let thy Avarice tempt thee to withdraw
The Prieſt's appointed Share; with cheerful Heart
The tenth of thy Increaſe beſtow, and own
Heav'n's bounteous Goodneſs, that will ſure repay
Thy grateful Duty: This neglected, fear
Signal Avengeance, ſuch as over-took
A Miſer, that unjuſtly once with-held
The Clergy's Due, relying on himſelf,
His Fields he tended with ſucceſsleſs Care,
Early, and late, when, or unwiſh't for Rain
Deſcended, or unſeaſonable Froſts
Curb'd his increaſing Hopes, or when around
The Clouds dropt Fatneſs, in the middle Sky
The Dew ſuſpended ſtaid, and left unmoiſt
His execrable Glebe: recording this,
Be Juſt, and Wiſe, and tremble to tranſgreſs.

Learn now, the Promiſe of the coming Year
To know, that by no flattering Signs abus'd,
Thou wiſely may'ſt provide: The various Moon

Prophetic, and attendant Stars explain
Each riſing Dawn; ere Icy Cruſts ſurmount
The current Stream, the heav'nly Orbs ſerene
Twinkle with trembling Rays, and *Cynthia* glows
With Light unſully'd: Now the Fowler, warn'd
By theſe good Omens, with ſwift early Steps
Treads the crimp Earth, ranging thro' Fields and Glades
Offenſive to the Birds, ſulphureous Death
Checques their mid Flight, and heedleſs while they ſtrain
Their tuneful Throats, the tow'ring, heavy Lead
O'er-takes their Speed; they leave their little Lives
Above the Clouds, præcipitant to Earth.

The Woodcocks early Viſit, and Abode
Of long Continuance in our temperate Clime,
Foretel a liberal Harveſt; He of Times
Intelligent, th' harſh *Hyperborean* Ice
Shuns for our equal Winters; when our Suns
Cleave the chill'd Soil, he backward wings his way
To *Scandinavian* frozen Summers, meet
For his num'd Blood. But nothing profits more
Than frequent Snows: O, may'ſt Thou often ſee Thy

Thy Furrows whiten'd by the woolly Rain
Nutricious! Secret Nitre lurks within
The porous Wet, quick'ning the languid Glebe.

Sometimes thou ſhalt with fervent Vows implore
A moderate Wind; the Orchat loves to wave
With Winter-Winds, before the Gems exert
Their feeble Heads; the looſen'd Roots then drink
Large Increment, Earneſt of happy Years.

Nor will it nothing profit to obſerve
The monthly Stars, their pow'rful Influence
O'er planted Fields, what Vegetables reign
Under each Sign. On our Account has *Jove*
Indulgent, to all Moons ſome ſucculent Plant
Allotted, that poor, helpleſs Man might ſlack
His preſent Thirſt, and Matter find for Toil.
Now will the *Corinths*, now the *Raſps* ſupply
Delicious Draughts; the *Quinces* now, or *Plums*,
Or *Cherries*, or the fair *Thisbeian* Fruit
Are preſt to Wines; the *Britons* ſqueeze the Works
Of ſedulous Bees, and mixing od'rous Herbs
Prepare balſamic Cups, to wheezing Lungs
Medicinal, and ſhort-breath'd, ancient Sires.

But, if Thou'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarious Drinks wou'dſt brew;
Beſides the Orchat, ev'ry Hedge, and Buſh
Affords Aſſiſtance; ev'n afflictive *Birch*,
Curs'd by unletter'd, idle Youth, diſtills
A limpid Current from her wounded Bark,
Profuſe of nurſing Sap. When Solar Beams
Parch thirſty human Veins, the damask'd Meads,
Unforc'd diſplay ten thouſand painted Flow'rs
Uſeful in Potables. Thy little Sons
Permit to range the Paſtures; gladly they
Will mow the *Cowſlip*-Poſies, faintly ſweet,
From whence thou artificial Wines ſhalt drain
Of icy Taſte, that, in mid Fervors, beſt
Slack craving Thirſt, and mitigate the Day.

Happy *Ierne*, whoſe moſt wholeſome Air
Poiſons envenom'd Spiders, and forbids
The baleful Toad, and Viper from her Shore!
More happy in her Balmy Draughts, (enrich'd
With Miſcellaneous Spices, and the Root
For Thirſt-abating Sweetneſs prais'd,) which wide

Extend

Extend her Fame, and to each drooping Heart
Preſent Redneſs, and lively Health convey.

See, how the *Belgæ*, Sedulous, and Stout,
With Bowls of fat'ning *Mum*, or bliſsful Cups
Of Kernel-reliſh'd Fluids, the fair Star
Of early *Phoſphorus* ſalute, at Noon
Jocund with frequent-riſing Fumes! by Uſe
Inſtructed, thus to quell their Native Flegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward Mirth.

What need to treat of diſtant Climes, remov'd
Far from the ſloping Journey of the Year,
Beyond *Petſora*, and *Iſlandic* Coaſts?
Where ever-during Snows, perpetual Shades
Of Darkneſs, would congeal their livid Blood,
Did not the *Arctic* Tract, ſpontaneous yield
A cheering purple Berry, big with Wine,
Intenſely fervent, which each Hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming Pile of Pines, and oft
They interlard their native Drinks with choice
Of ſtrongeſt *Brandy*, yet ſcarce with theſe Aids
Enabl'd to prevent the ſudden Rot
Of freezing Noſe, and quick-decaying Feet.

Nor leſs the Sable Borderers of *Nile*,
Nor who *Taprobane* manure, nor They,
Whom ſunny *Borneo* bears, are ſtor'd with Streams
Egregious, *Rum*, and *Rice*'s Spirit extract.
For here, expos'd to perpendicular Rays,
In vain they covet Shades, and *Thraſcias*' Gales,
Pining with *Æquinoctial* Heat, unleſs
The Cordial Glaſs perpetual Motion keep,
Quick circuiting; nor dare they cloſe their Eyes,
Void of a bulky Charger near their Lips,
With which, in often interrupted Sleep,
Their frying Blood compels to irrigate
Their dry-furr'd Tongues, elſe minutely to Death
Obnoxious, diſmal Death, th' Effect of Drought!

More happy they, born in *Columbus*' World,
Carybbes, and they, whom the *Cotton* Plant
With downy-ſprouting Veſts arrays! Their Woods
Bow with prodigious Nuts, that give at once
Celeſtial Food, and Nectar; then, at hand
The *Lemmon*, uncorrupt with Voyage long,
To vinous Spirits added (heav'nly Drink!)
They with Pneumatic Engine, ceaſeleſs draw

Intent

Intent on Laughter; a continual Tide
Flows from th' exhilerating Fount. As, when
Againſt a ſecret Cliff, with ſoddain Shock
A Ship is daſh'd, and leaking drinks the Sea,
Th' aſtoniſh'd Mariners ay ply the Pump,
No Stay, nor Reſt, 'till the wide Breach is clos'd.
So they (but cheerful) unfatigu'd, ſtill move
The draining Sucker, then alone concern'd,
When the dry Bowl forbids their pleaſing Work.

But if to hording Thou art bent, thy Hopes
Are fruſtrate, ſhould'ſt Thou think thy Pipes will flow
With early limpid Wine. The horded Store,
And the harſh Draught, muſt twice endure the Sun's
Kind ſtrengthning Heat, twice Winter's purging Cold.

There are, that a compounded Fluid drain
From different Mixtures, *Woodcock*, *Pippin*, *Moyle*,
Rough *Eliot*, ſweet *Permain*, the blended Streams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleaſurable Medly, of what Taſte
Hardly diſtinguiſh'd; as the ſhow'ry Arch.

With lifted Colours gay, *Or*, *Azure*, *Gules*,
Delights, and puzzles the Beholder's Eye,
That views the watry Brede, with thouſand Shews
Of Painture vary'd, yet's unskill'd to tell
Or where one Colour riſes, or one faints.

Some Cyders have by Art, or Age, unlearn'd
Their genuine Reliſh, and of ſundry Vines
Aſſum'd their Flavour; one ſort counterfeits
The *Spaniſh* Product; this, to *Gauls* has ſeem'd
The ſparkling *Nectar* of *Champaigne*; with that,
A *German* oft has ſwill'd his Throat, and ſworn,
Deluded, that Imperial *Rhine* beſtow'd
The Generous Rummer, whilſt the Owner pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his Gueſts, thus entertain'd
With Foreign Vintage from his Cyder Cask.

Soon as thy Liquor from the narrow Cells
Of cloſe preſt Husks is freed, thou muſt refrain
Thy thirſty Soul; let none perſuade to broach
Thy thick, unwholſom, undigeſted Cades:
The hoary Froſts, and Northern Blaſts take care
Thy muddy Bev'rage to ſerene, and drive
Præcipitant the baſer, ropy Lees.

And

And now thy Wine's tranſpicuous, purg'd from all
It's earthy Groſs, yet let it feed awhile
On the fat Refuſe, leſt too ſoon disjoin'd
From ſpritely, it, to ſharp, or vappid change.
When to convenient Vigour it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen Tube
Inflext; ſelf-taught, and voluntary flies
The defecated Liquor, thro' the Vent
Aſcending, then by downward Tract convey'd,
Spouts into ſubject Veſſels, lovely clear.
As when a Noon-tide Sun, with Summer Beams,
Darts thro' a Cloud, her watry Skirts are edg'd
With lucid Amber, or undroſſy Gold:
So, and ſo richly, the purg'd Liquid ſhines.

Now alſo, when the Colds abate, nor yet
Full Summer ſhines, a dubious Seaſon, cloſe
In Glaſs thy purer Streams, and let them gain,
From due Confinement, Spirit, and Flavour new.

For this Intent, the ſubtle Chymiſt feeds
Perpetual Flames, whoſe unreſiſted Force
O'er Sand, and Aſhes, and the ſtubborn Flint

Prevailing, turns into a fuſil Sea,
That in his Furnace bubbles ſunny-red:
From hence a glowing Drop with hollow'd Steel
He takes, and by one efficacious Breath
Dilates to a ſurprizing Cube, or Sphære,
Or Oval, and fit Receptacles forms
For every Liquid, with his plaſtic Lungs,
To human Life ſubſervient; By his Means
Cyders in Metal frail improve; the *Moyle*,
And taſteful *Pippin*, in a Moon's ſhort Year,
Acquire compleat Perfection: Now they ſmoke
Tranſparent, ſparkling in each Drop, Delight
Of curious Palate, by fair Virgins crav'd.
But harſher Fluids different lengths of time
Expect: Thy Flask will ſlowly mitigate
The *Eliot*'s Roughneſs. *Stirom*, firmeſt Fruit,
Embottled (long as *Priameian Troy*
Withſtood the *Greeks*) endures, ere juſtly mild.
Soften'd by Age, it youthful Vigor gains,
Fallacious Drink! Ye honeſt Men beware,
Nor truſt its Smoothneſs; The third circling Glaſs
Suffices Virtue: But may Hypocrites,
(That ſlyly ſpeak one thing, another think,
Hateful as Hell) pleas'd with the Reliſh weak,

Drink

Drink on unwarn'd, 'till by inchanting Cups
Infatuate, they their wily Thoughts diſcloſe,
And thro' Intemperance grow awhile ſincere.

The Farmer's Toil is done; his Cades mature,
Now call for Vent, his Lands exhauſt permit
T' indulge awhile. Now ſolemn Rites he pays
To *Bacchus*, Author of Heart-cheering Mirth.
His honeſt Friends, at thirſty hour of Dusk,
Come uninvited; he with bounteous Hand
Imparts his ſmoaking Vintage, ſweet Reward
Of his own Induſtry; the well-fraught Bowl
Circles inceſſant, whilſt the humble Cell
With quavering Laugh, and rural Jeſts reſounds.
Eaſe, and Content, and undiſſembled Love
Shine in each Face; the Thoughts of Labour paſt
Encreaſe their Joy. As, from retentive Cage
When ſullen *Philomel* eſcapes, her Notes
She varies, and of paſt Impriſonment
Sweetly complains; her Liberty retriev'd
Cheers her ſad Soul, improves her pleaſing Song.
Gladſome they quaff, yet not exceed the Bounds
Of healthy Temp'rance, nor incroach on Night,

Seaſon

Seaſon of Reſt, but well bedew'd repair
Each to his Home, with unſupplanted Feet.
Ere Heav'n's emblazon'd by the roſie Dawn
Domeſtic Cares awake them; brisk they riſe,
Refreſh'd, and lively with the Joys that flow
From amicable Talk, and moderate Cups
Sweetly interchang'd. The pining Lover finds
Preſent Redreſs, and long Oblivion drinks
Of Coy *Lucinda*. Give the Debtor Wine;
His Joys are ſhort, and few; yet when he drinks
His Dread retires, the flowing Glaſſes add
Courage, and Mirth: magnificent in Thought,
Imaginary Riches he enjoys,
And in the Goal expatiates unconfin'd.
Nor can the Poet *Bacchus'* Praiſe indite,
Debarr'd his Grape: The Muſes ſtill require
Humid Regalement, nor will aught avail
Imploring *Phœbus*, with unmoiſten'd Lips.
Thus to the generous Bottle all incline,
By parching Thirſt allur'd: With vehement Suns
When duſty Summer bakes the crumbling Clods,
How pleaſant is't, beneath the twiſted Arch
Of a retreating Bow'r, in Mid-day's Reign
To ply the ſweet Carouſe, remote from Noiſe,

Secur'd

Secur'd of fev'riſh Heats! When th' aged Year
Inclines, and *Boreas* Spirit bluſters frore,
Beware th' inclement Heav'ns; now let thy Hearth
Crackle with juiceleſs Boughs; thy lingring Blood
Now inſtigate with th' Apple's pow'rful Streams.
Perpetual Show'rs, and ſtormy Guſts confine
The willing Ploughman, and *December* warns
To Annual Jollities; now ſportive Youth
Carol incondite Rhythms, with ſuiting Notes,
And quaver unharmonious; ſturdy Swains
In clean Array, for ruſtic Dance prepare,
Mixt with the Buxom Damſels; hand in hand
They friſk, and bound, and various Mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny Limbs, with uncouth Mein,
Tranſported, and ſometimes, an oblique Leer
Dart on their Loves, ſometimes an haſty Kiſs
Steal from unwary Laſſes; they with Scorn,
And Neck reclin'd, reſent the raviſh'd Bliſs.
Mean-while, blind *Britiſh* Bards with volant Touch
Traverſe loquacious Strings, whoſe ſolemn Notes
Provoke to harmleſs Revels; theſe among,

A ſubtle Artiſt ſtands, in wondrous Bag
That bears impriſon'd Winds, (of gentler ſort
Than thoſe, which erſt *Laertes'* Son enclos'd.)
Peaceful they ſleep, but let the tuneful Squeeze
Of labouring Elbow rouſe them, out they fly
Melodious, and with ſpritely Accents charm.
'Midſt theſe Diſports, forget they not to drench
Themſelves with bellying Goblets, nor when Spring
Returns, can they refuſe to uſher in
The freſh-born Year with loud Acclaim, and ſtore
Of jovial Draughts, now, when the ſappy Boughs
Attire themſelves with Blooms, ſweet Rudiments
Of future Harveſt: When the *Gnoſſian* Crown
Leads on expected Autumn, and the Trees
Diſcharge their mellow Burthens, let them thank
Boon Nature, that thus annually ſupplies
Their Vaults, and with her former Liquid Gifts
Exhilerate their languid Minds, within
The Golden *Mean* confin'd: Beyond there's naught
Of Health, or Pleaſure. Therefore, when thy Heart
Dilates with fervent Joys, and eager Soul
Prompts to perſue the ſparkling Glaſs, be ſure
'Tis time to ſhun it; if thou wilt prolong
Dire Compotation, forthwith Reaſon quits

Her

Her Empire to Confuſion, and Miſrule,
And vain Debates; then twenty Tongues at once
Conſpire in ſenſeleſs Jargon, nought is heard
But Din, and various Clamour, and mad Rant:
Diſtruſt, and Jealouſie to theſe ſucceed,
And Anger-kindling Taunt, the certain Bane
Of Well-knit Fellowſhip. Now horrid Frays
Commence, the brimming Glaſſes now are hurl'd
With dire Intent; Bottles with Bottles claſh
In rude Encounter, round their Temples fly
The ſharp-edg'd Fragments, down their batter'd Cheeks
Mixt Gore, and Cyder flow: What ſhall we ſay
Of raſh *Elpenor*, who in evil Hour
Dry'd an immeaſurable Bowl, and thought
T' exhale his Surfeit by irriguous Sleep,
Imprudent? Him, Death's Iron-Sleep oppreſt,
Deſcending careleſs from his Couch; the Fall
Luxt his Neck-joint, and ſpinal Marrow bruis'd.
Nor need we tell what anxious Cares attend
The turbulent Mirth of Wine; nor all the kinds
Of Maladies, that lead to Death's grim Cave,
Wrought by Intemperance, joint-racking Gout,
Inteſtine Stone, and pining Atrophy,

Chill,

Chill, even when the Sun with *July*-Heats
Frys the ſcorch'd Soil, and Dropſy all a-float,
Yet craving Liquids: Nor the *Centaurs* Tale
Be here repeated; how with Luſt, and Wine
Inflam'd, they fought, and ſpilt their drunken Souls
At feaſting Hour. Ye Heav'nly Pow'rs, that guard
The *Britiſh* Iſles, ſuch dire Events remove
Far from fair *Albion*, nor let Civil Broils
Ferment from Social Cups: May we, remote
From the hoarſe, brazen Sound of War, enjoy
Our humid Products, and with ſeemly Draughts
Enkindle Mirth, and Hoſpitable Love.
Too oft, alas! has mutual Hatred drench'd
Our Swords in native Blood, too oft has Pride,
And helliſh Diſcord, and inſatiate Thirſt
Of other's Rights, our Quiet diſcompos'd.
Have we forgot, how fell Deſtruction rag'd
Wide-ſpreading, when by *Eris*' Torch incens'd
Our Fathers warr'd? What Hero's, ſignaliz'd
For Loyalty, and Proweſs, met their Fate
Untimely, undeſerv'd! How *Bertie* fell,
Compton, and *Granvill*, dauntleſs Sons of *Mars*,
Fit Themes of endleſs Grief, but that we view
Their Virtues yet ſurviving in their Race!

Can

Can we forget, how the mad, headſtrong Rout
Defy'd their Prince to Arms, nor made account
Of Faith or Duty, or Allegiance ſworn?
Apoſtate, Atheiſt Rebels! bent to Ill,
With ſeeming Sanctity, and cover'd Fraud,
Inſtill'd by him, who firſt preſum'd t'oppoſe
Omnipotence; alike their Crime, th' Event
Was not alike; theſe triumph'd, and in height
Of barbarous Malice, and inſulting Pride,
Abſtain'd not from Imperial Blood. O Fact
Unparallel'd! O *Charles*, O Beſt of Kings!
What Stars their black, diſaſtrous Influence ſhed
On Thy Nativity, that Thou ſhoud'ſt fall
Thus, by inglorious Hands, in this Thy Realm,
Supreme, and Innocent, adjudg'd to Death
By thoſe, Thy Mercy only wou'd have ſav'd!
Yet was the Cyder-Land unſtain'd with Guilt;
The Cyder-Land, obſequious ſtill to Thrones,
Abhorr'd ſuch baſe diſloyal Deeds, and all
Her Pruning-hooks extended into Swords,
Undaunted, to aſſert the trampled Rights
Of Monarchy; but, ah! ſucceſsleſs She,
However faithful! then was no Regard
Of Right, or Wrong. And this, once happy, Land,

By home-bred Fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannic Sway, 'till fair-revolving Years
Our exil'd Kings, and Liberty reſtor'd.
Now we exult, by mighty *ANNA*'s Care
Secure at home, while She to foreign Realms
Sends forth her dreadful Legions, and reſtrains
The Rage of Kings: Here, nobly She ſupports
Juſtice oppreſs'd; here, Her victorious Arms
Quell the Ambitious: From Her Hand alone
All *Europe* fears Revenge, or hopes Redreſs.
Rejoice, O *Albion!* ſever'd from the World
By Nature's wiſe Indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without; in One Supreme
Intirely bleſt; and from beginning time
Deſign'd thus happy; but the fond Deſire
Of Rule, and Grandeur, multiply'd a Race
Of Kings, and numerous Sceptres introduc'd,
Deſtructive of the public Weal: For now
Each Potentate, as wary Fear, or Strength,
Or Emulation urg'd, his Neighbour's Bounds
Invades, and ampler Territory ſeeks
With ruinous Aſſault; on every Plain
Hoſt cop'd with Hoſt, dire was the Din of War,
And ceaſeleſs, or ſhort Truce haply procur'd

By

By Havoc, and Diſmay, 'till Jealouſy
Rais'd new Combuſtion: Thus was Peace in vain
Sought for by Martial Deeds, and Conflict ſtern:
'Till *Edgar* grateful (as to thoſe who pine
A diſmal Half-Year Night, the orient Beam
Of *Phœbus'* Lamp) aroſe, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending Pow'rs,
Pacifick Monarch; Then her lovely Head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
The Spirit of Love; at Eaſe, the Bards new ſtrung
Their ſilent Harps, and taught the Woods, and Vales,
In uncouth Rhythms, to echo *Edgar*'s Name.
Then Gladneſs ſmil'd in ev'ry Eye; the Years
Ran ſmoothly on, productive of a Line
Of wiſe, Heroic Kings, that by juſt Laws
Eſtabliſh'd Happineſs at home, or cruſh'd
Inſulting Enemies in fartheſt Climes.

See Lyon-Hearted *Richard*, with his Force
Drawn from the North, to *Jury*'s hallow'd Plains!
Piouſly valiant, (like a Torrent ſwell'd
With wintry Tempeſts, that diſdains all Mounds,
Breaking a Way impetuous, and involves

Within

Within its Sweep, Trees, Houſes, Men) he preſs'd
Amidſt the thickeſt Battel; and o'er-threw
What-e'er withſtood his zealous Rage; no Pauſe,
No Stay of Slaughter, found his vigorous Arm,
But th' unbelieving Squadrons turn'd to Flight
Smote in the Rear, and with diſhoneſt Wounds
Mangl'd behind: The *Soldan*, as he fled,
Oft call'd on *Alla*, gnaſhing with Deſpite,
And Shame, and murmur'd many an empty Curſe.

Behold Third *Edward*'s Streamers blazing high
On *Gallia*'s hoſtile Ground! his Right withheld,
Awakens Vengeance; O imprudent *Gauls*,
Relying on falſe Hopes, thus to incenſe
The warlike *Engliſh!* one important Day
Shall teach you meaner Thoughts: Eager of Fight,
Fierce *Brutus* Off-ſpring to the adverſe Front
Advance reſiſtleſs, and their deep Array
With furious Inroad pierce; the mighty Force
Of *Edward*, twice o'erturn'd their deſperate King,
Twice he aroſe, and join'd the horrid Shock:
The third time, with his wide-extended Wings,
He fugitive declin'd ſuperior Strength,
Diſcomfited; perſu'd, in the ſad Chace

Ten

Ten Thouſands ignominious fall; with Blood
The Vallies float: Great *Edward* thus aveng'd,
With golden *Iris* his broad Shield emboſs'd.

Thrice glorious Prince! whom, Fame with all her Tongues
For ever ſhall reſound. Yet from his Loins
New Authors of Diſſention ſpring; from him
Two Branches, that in hoſting long contend
For Sov'ran Sway; (and can ſuch Anger dwell
In nobleſt Minds?) but little now avail'd
The Ties of Friendſhip; every Man, as lead
By Inclination, or vain Hope, repair'd
To either Camp, and breath'd immortal Hate,
And dire Revenge: Now horrid Slaughter reigns;
Sons againſt Fathers tilt the fatal Lance,
Careleſs of Duty, and their native Grounds
Diſtain with Kindred Blood, the twanging Bows
Send Showers of Shafts, that on their barbed Points
Alternate Ruin bear. Here might you ſee
Barons, and Peaſants on th' embattled Field
Slain, or half dead, in one huge, ghaſtly Heap
Promiſcuouſly amaſt: with diſmal Groans,
And Ejulation, in the Pangs of Death

Some

Some call for Aid, neglected; ſome o'erturn'd
In the fierce Shock, lye gaſping, and expire,
Trampled by fiery Courſers; Horror thus,
And wild Uproar, and Deſolation reign'd
Unreſpited: Ah! who at length will end
This Long, pernicious Fray? What Man has Fate
Reſerv'd for this great Work?—— Hail, happy Prince
Of *Tudor*'s Race, whom in the Womb of Time
Cadwallador foreſaw! Thou, Thou art He,
Great *Richmond Henry*, that by nuptial Rites
Muſt cloſe the Gates of *Janus*, and remove
Deſtructive Diſcord: Now no more the Drum
Provokes to Arms, or Trumpet's Clangor ſhrill
Affrights the Wives, or chills the Virgin's Blood;
But Joy, and Pleaſure open to the View
Uninterrupted! With preſaging Skill
Thou to Thy own uniteſt *Fergus'* Line
By wiſe Alliance; from Thee *James* deſcends,
Heav'n's choſen Fav'rite, firſt *Britannic* King.
To him alone, Hereditary Right
Gave Power Supreme; yet ſtill ſome Seeds remain'd
Of Diſcontent; two Nations under One,
In Laws and Int'reſt diverſe, ſtill perſu'd
Peculiar

Peculiar Ends, on each Side reſolute
To fly Conjunction; neither Fear, nor Hope,
Nor the ſweet Proſpect of a mutual Gain,
Cou'd ought avail, 'till prudent *ANNA* ſaid
LET THERE BE UNION; ſtrait with Reverence due
To her Command, they willingly unite,
One in Affection, Laws, and Government,
Indiſſolubly firm; from *Dubris* South,
To Northern *Orcades*, Her long Domain.

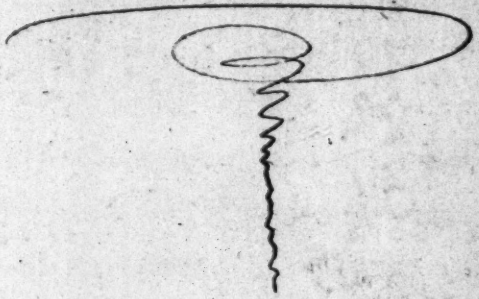
And now thus leagu'd by an eternal Bond,
What ſhall retard the *Britons* bold Deſigns,
Or who ſuſtain their Force; in Union knit,
Sufficient to withſtand the Pow'rs combin'd
Of all this Globe? At this important Act
The *Mauritanian* and *Cathaian* Kings
Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd *Turk*
Dreads War from utmoſt *Thule*; uncontrol'd
The *Britiſh* Navy thro' the Ocean vaſt
Shall wave her double Croſs, t'extreameſt Climes
Terrific, and return with odorous Spoils
Of *Araby* well fraught, or *Indus'* Wealth,
Pearl, and Barbaric Gold; mean-while the Swains

Shall

Shall unmoleſted reap, what Plenty ſtrows
From well ſtor'd Horn, rich Grain, and timely
Fruits.
The elder Year, *Pomona*, pleas'd, ſhall deck
With ruby-tinctur'd Births, whoſe liquid Store
Abundant, flowing in well blended Streams,
The Natives ſhall applaud; while glad they talk
Of baleful Ills, caus'd by *Bellona*'s Wrath
In other Realms; where-e'er the *Britiſh* ſpread
Triumphant Banners, or their Fame has reach'd
Diffuſive, to the utmoſt Bounds of this
Wide Univerſe, *Silurian* Cyder borne
Shall pleaſe all Taſts, and triumph o'er the Vine.

THE END.

Thos Attwood



Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus
Dominus Deus Sabaoth
Celum et Terra sunt
plena Gloria tua.—